



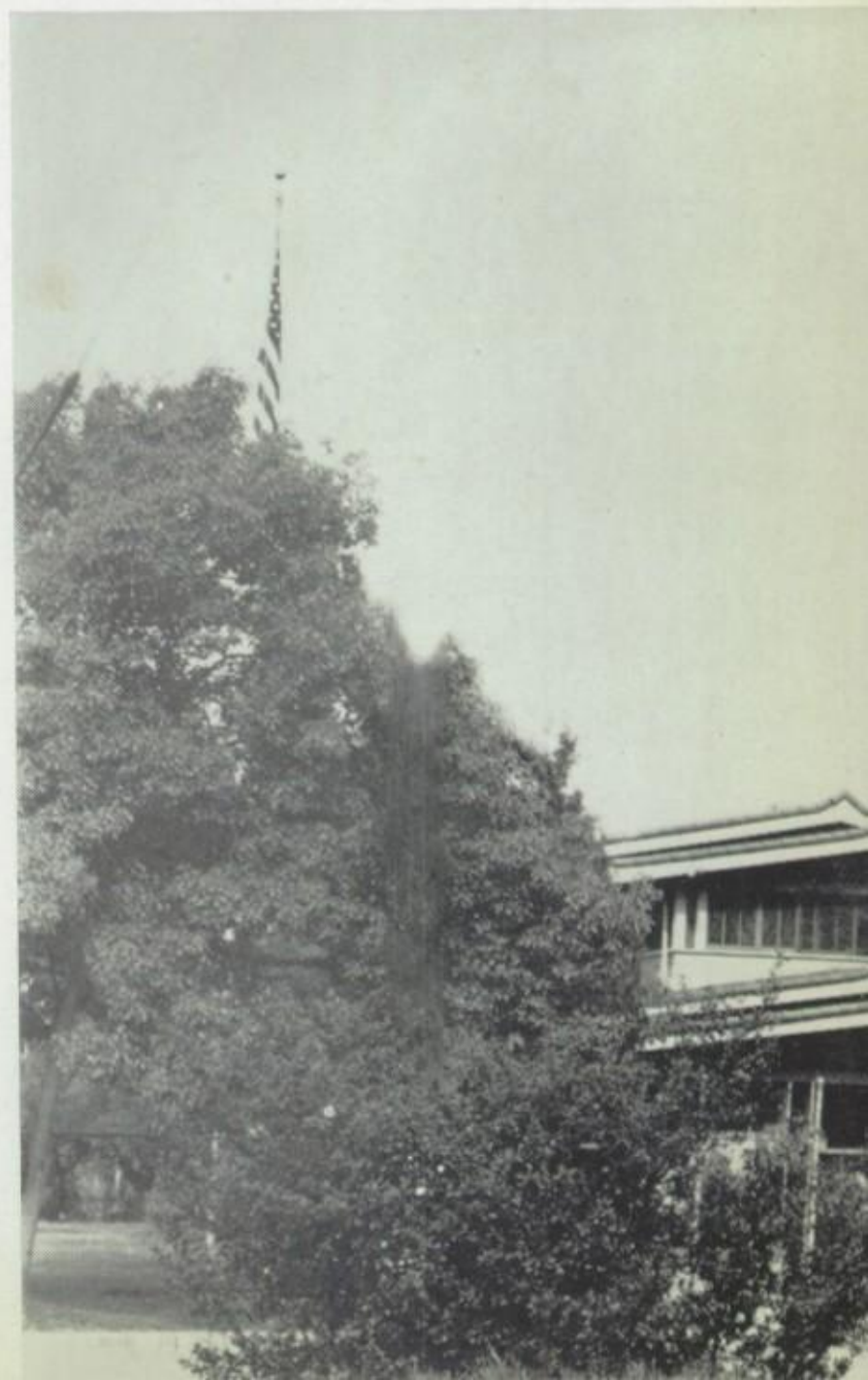
Flintridge Log '42

In Token of

the Future . . .



*With Tribute
to the Hour . . .
This Issue of
the Flintridge Log
Has Been
Dedicated.*



*Because the Young Men
On These Pages Are
Indicative of America's
Future,
Look At Them Well . . .*





They Are

*Liberal, Conservative,
Studious, Frivolous,
Ambitious, Complacent,
Arrogant, Mild . . .*

They Are America.

*For Them Tomorrow's
World Is Waiting.*





To the



Faculty They Owe Much . . .



To Mr. Lowery, President . . .

who, besides being such a capable president, is one of the founders of Flintridge. His faith and interest in the school is verified by the fact that he never misses a basketball game, baseball game, or swimming meet. He is always ready to show his high spirits with whomever he comes in contact by coming through with one of his inexhaustible store of stories.

. . . And to Dr. Dickinson, Headmaster . . .

who shows definite versatility in his interests. Among these are the fierce backgammon wars waged with Mr. Horning, and the scientific research which led to his Doctor's Degree in Science from U. S. C. He has been known to turn a violent shade of red when the phrase "is when" is inflicted on his sensitive ears, but he is better known for his vial-smelling laboratory and harassed-looking Biology students.



Mr. Theron Horning has two definite assets. These are a set of practically-new whitewall tires and an expert game of backgammon. (Ask Dr. Dickinson.) He received his B. A. at U. C. L. A., where he was a Phi Beta Kappa. His M. A. is from U. S. C. However, even with this impressive academic background, he was unable to help his Junior proteges to

thwart the Seniors on their annual ditch-day.

Mr. Joseph Rose is known for his leniency, his horse-shoe playing ability, and his wicked baseball arm. His pet peeve is apple-polishers. He displayed sheer genius in guiding the Seniors through a difficult year.



*. . . To Mr. Horning,
Master of
Literature . . .*

*and Mr. Rose,
Popular Language
Teacher . . .*

Mr. Henry Kehler is what is known as a jack-of-all-trades. His hobby is sailing, and he is ready to float a nautical discussion at the drop of a marlin-spike. Music and the drama occupy a minor part in the attentions of this Pomona- and U. S. C.-trained Colossus.

Mr. Carroll Vaniman has an unsurpassed mathematical wisdom, a sizzling badminton game, and a lamb chop waiting at home for him. He hails from the aggressive little community of Simi, California, and thoroughly enjoys the rural life.

*. . . To Mr. Kehler,
Learned Historian*

*. . . and Mr. Vaniman,
Apostle of
Pythagoras . . .*





. . . To Mr. Lyndon . . . Mr. McKee . . .

Mr. Leonard Lyndon, whose unofficial title is Co-ordinator in charge of morale, has created more than one championship team for F. P. S. B. Herculean in stature and Apollonian in feature, the Coach stands as a living example for the more ambitious of his fifth period class.

Mr. Harold McKee, who presides over the ledger-and-black ink division of Flintridge's administration, also has charge of doling out the boarders' allowances, and keeping the other teachers from becoming too pleased with their golf games.

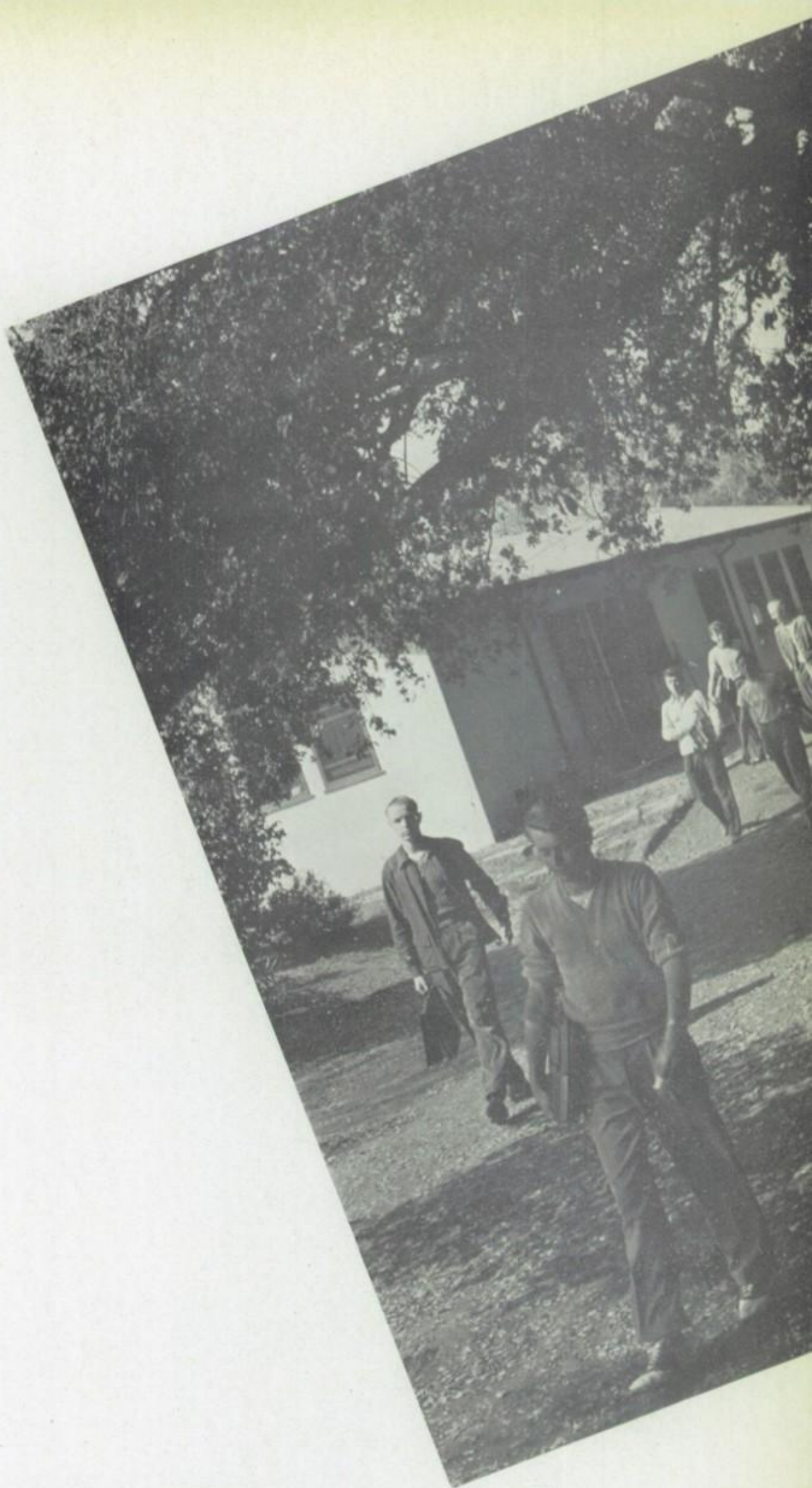
Mr. Robert Jardine, mechanical drawing and wood-shop instructor, claims as his home the biggest little town in the state — Madera. He is the undisputed buttermilk-drinking king of Flintridge, and the four good tires on his hardy Chevy look mighty good to people envying him his trips along the California coast.



Mr. Jardine . . . and Miss Gusweiler . . .

Miss Louise Gusweiler, the head of the Junior Division, is the one person responsible for the fine library with which we find ourselves confronted. No longer can a student beg off because of a lack of source material. Besides doing her fine library work, Miss Gusweiler is doing graduate work at U. S. C.

*Who Provide
the Inspiration
. . . and Perspiration
. . . Which Are
So Essential.*



For Convenience They Are



Grouped In Classes . . .

First, the Seniors . . .

Whose Versatility

Is Exemplified by . . .

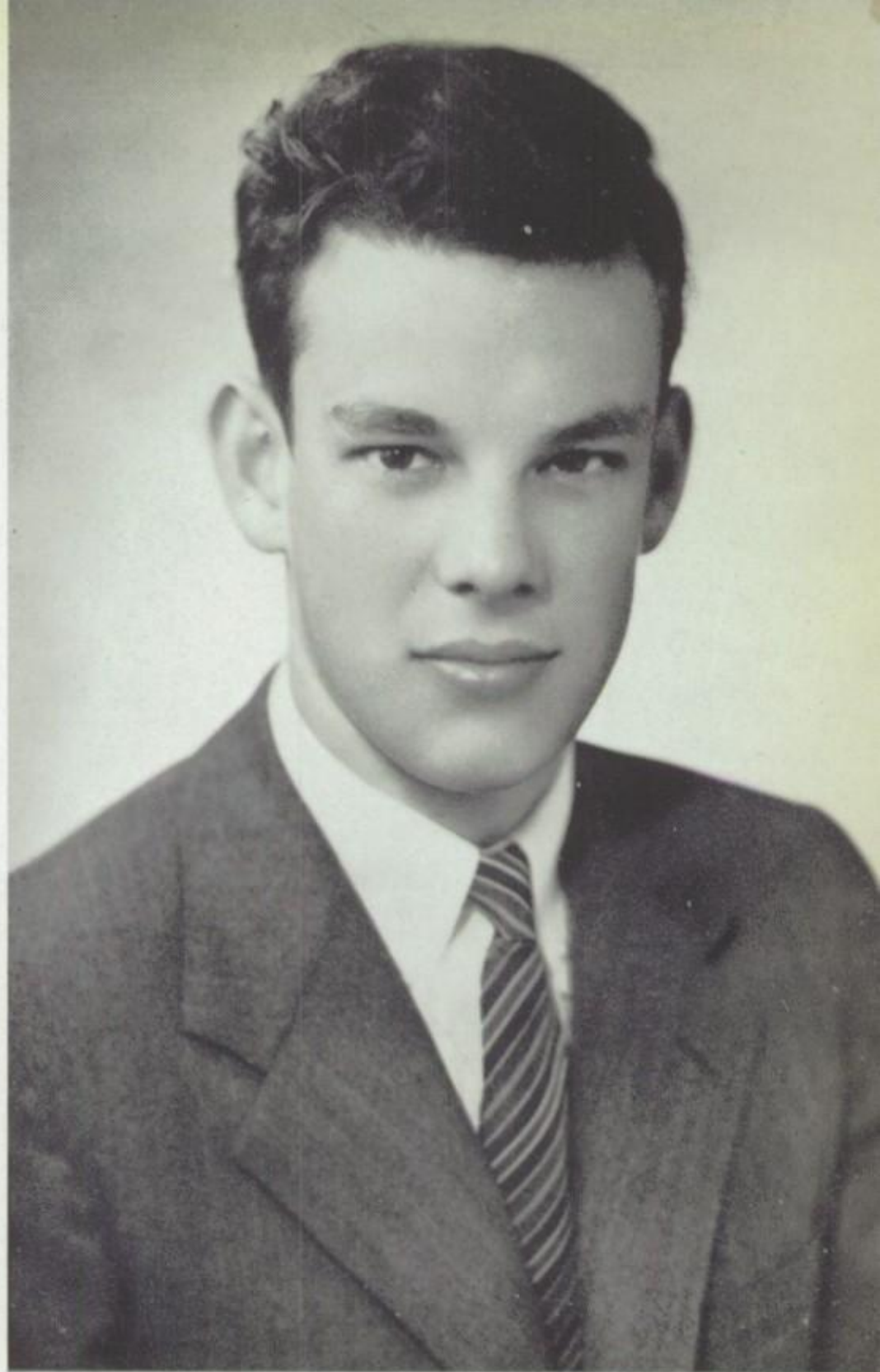
Our keenest regret is a last farewell to Flintridge, the school that has given us of its immeasurable benefits. We take with us an infant knowledge, groomed in scholarly surroundings, which we are eager to put to a sterner test. Commencement is the milestone which marks the end of our early training and the beginning of even richer opportunity in which to apply that which has been given to us.

Flintridge is a source of strength from which every student has drawn his share, and in return has added his own contribution. This reciprocity of benefits cannot help but build lasting ties between student and school. Our expressions of gratitude are inadequate. The future permitting, however, the accomplishments of Flintridge training will suffice for those expressions.

Fine phrases and generous speculations do not alone speak for those graduating. Their instincts are the finest, their perspective blade-sharp . . . qualities which today determine the extent of national preparedness.

America gives to her youth the inspiration of a great heritage . . . a heritage not without sacrifices which have served to maintain it through the years. From the heritages of school and state, Flintridge graduates derive a higher sense of responsibility to the world which they are about to enter.

SAM BECKWITH



. . . Senior Prexy, Sam Beckwith . . .

who guides his Senior problem-children with a light rein, has two main interests in life — art and horses. These two he reconciles by drawing the latter to the virtual exclusion of any other subject. Crepe fluttered dolorously when the order was sent out to close all race tracks, but Sam brightened considerably on thinking that Eastern tracks remain open, for he hopes to go back to the Yale Art Institute.



... Secretary-Treasurer, Reid Allen ...

who was granted this sinecure in thoughtful recognition of his being the first student ever to return smiling for an extra fling at prep life. Reid has spent the year taking a course in subjects demanded by Davis, the college which has attracted his attentions as the place best-fitted to train him in the particular line which he hopes to follow. Reid will not be alone, for other Flintridge grads will be there to meet him.



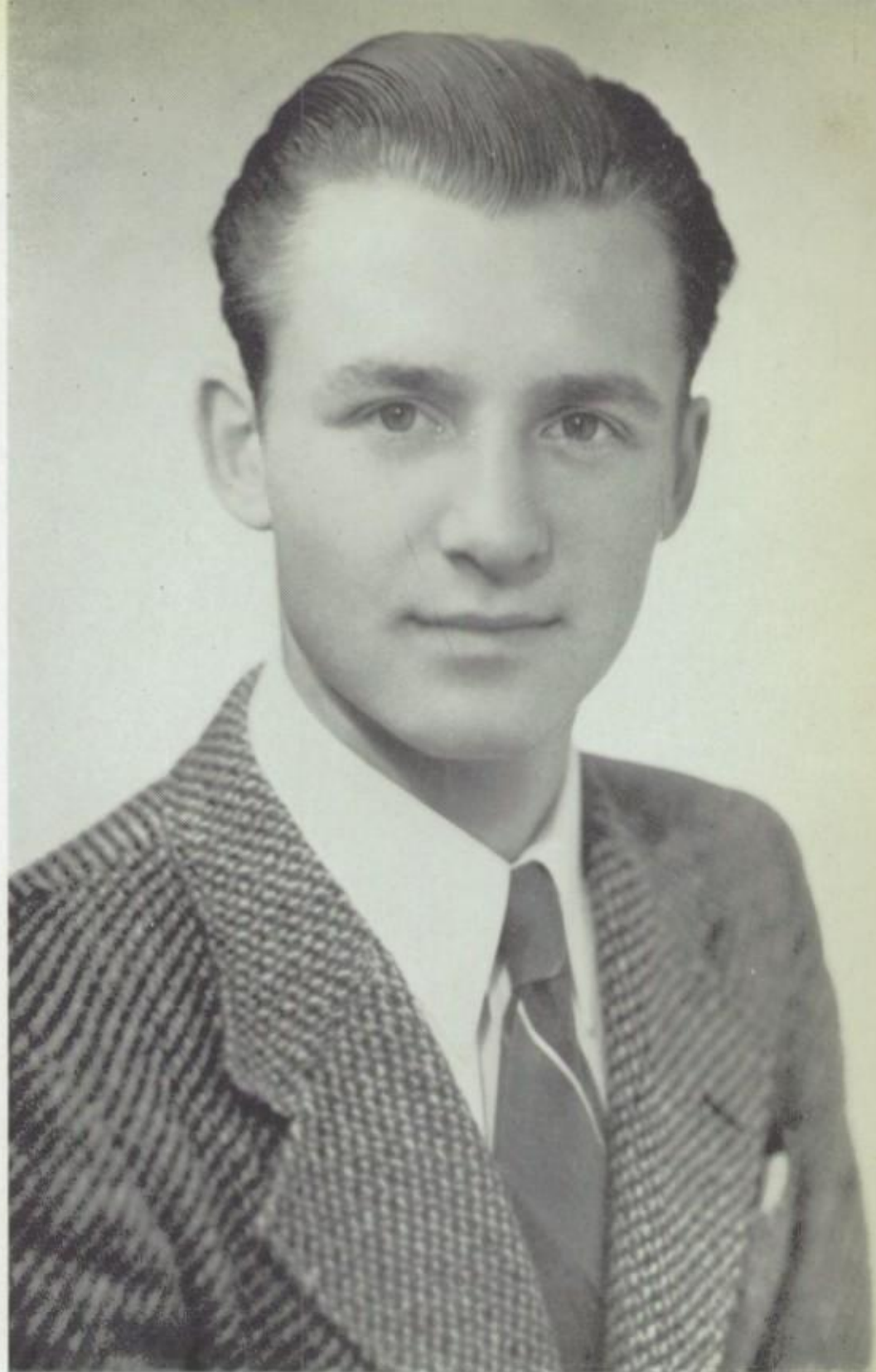
. . . Coming Champion, Blake Childs . . .

will take his muscles, once picked by Charley Paddock as best-likely-to-make-a-Wheaties-ad, and his black P-Fordy and lay them at the disposal of the Government when graduation time arrives. The Merchant Marine beckons, and Blake, ever an admirer of the briny in the Bligh and not in the Masefield tradition, will soon be in his element, skippering his plucky crew and their boat-load of precious supplies all the way from Avalon to Mazatlan.



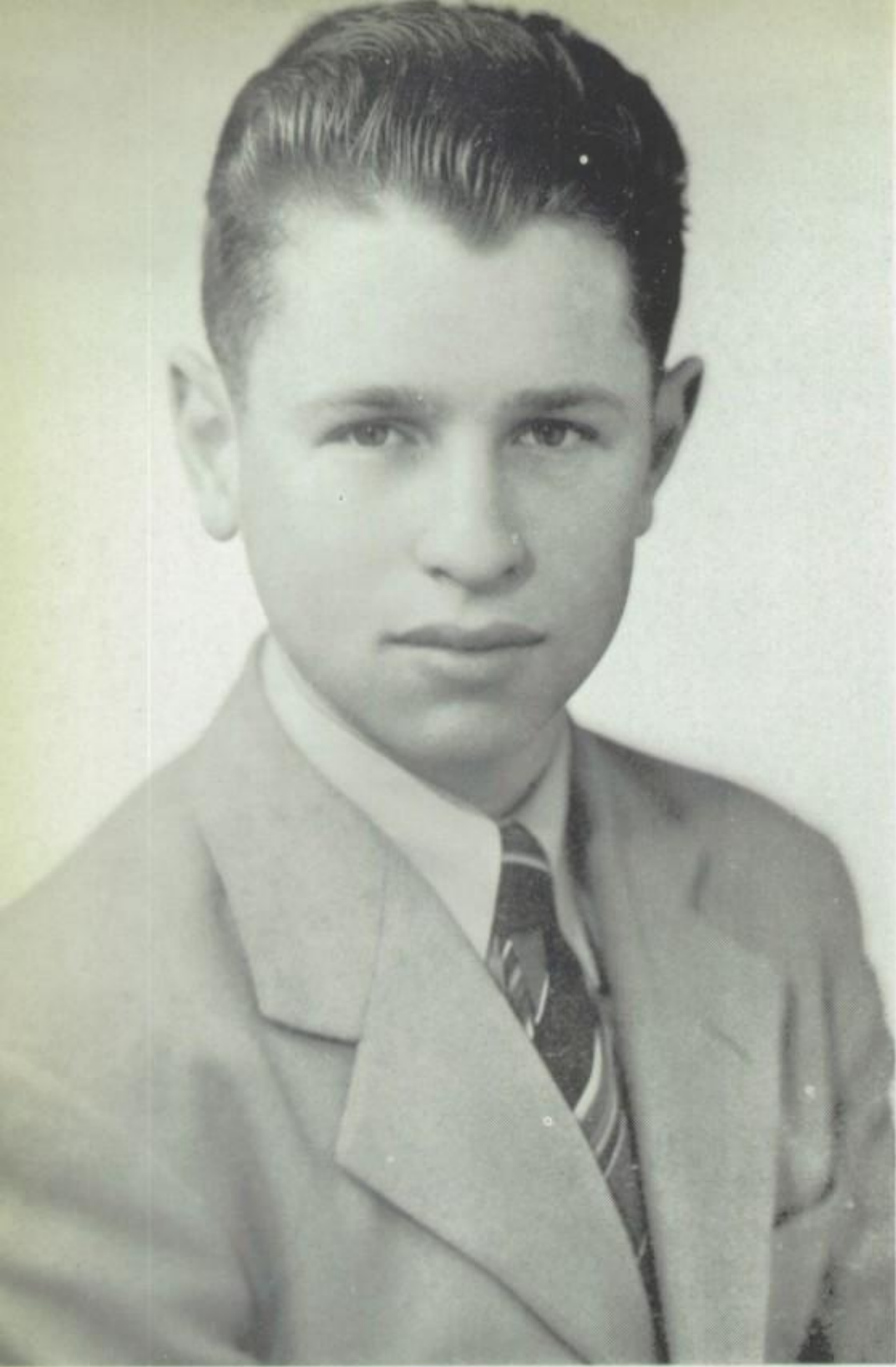
. . . Chuck Detoy, Voice of the Masses . . .

finds it hard to believe that next year there will be no more Flintridge for him. In his long and adventuresome career beneath the oaks, he has earned the reputation for being on the closest terms with Senor Bull. Long known as the Matador of the Classroom, he has also somehow become inextricably involved in most students' minds with class struggle and the beauties of South America. Pomona College will take over this complex character for the next few years.



. . . Bookworm, Bob Ghrist . . .

who, in two years, has become known for his cannon-ball service on the tennis court and for his courageous campaign to further the aims of Flint-ridge's Book-a-Year Club, remains undecided as to where the future will find him. Because the war has necessarily abolished the Davis Cup Team, the Indianapolis Memorial Day Auto Race, and the Boston Brownies' Sub-Zero Bathing Club, Bob is in a quandary as to where to find a vent for his talents.



... Class Jester, Bob Lissner ...

who looks at life from the alkaline side, has made up his mind to do his bit for our national war effort by entering a war industry upon graduation. Bob's four years at Flintridge have been notable examples of the many benefits to be gained by a more charitable view toward life and our fellow humans. A prime conspirator in the early rough-and-tumble frontier days of the dormitory, Bob still bears scars from nocturnal scalping parties which toughened him for the bitter realities of life.



. . . And Buffalo Fred Moore .

who hails from Hanover, New Mexico, and breathes the spirit of the wide open spaces. When approached on the subject of his home state, Fred waxes positively lyric, but a vein of sturdy dependability runs through his character like the granite rock of his native beath. In his one year on the campus, Fred has proven himself a valuable man by managing athletics and running the campus store.

The Seniors Make a Will . . .



Sam Beckwith, because of a naturally generous nature, freely delivers himself of some of his most cherished possessions. His curly hair and ringing baritone voice he gives to Tom Box in the hope he may carry on in the tradition of Class Troubadour.

Reid Allen looks perplexed but finally agrees that his collection of old Coca-Cola bottle caps is one to be coveted, and he promises it to Yogi Jorgensen, who went a long way to help start it anyway.

Blake Childs comes out from behind a copy of Downbeat and, being in a generous mood, promises that Thornton Ladd may have his solid ear for piano played with low-down boogie beat. Because of the occasion, he also promises Thornton a slightly cracked version of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" by Guy Lombardo (one of Carmen's better vocals).

Charlie Detoy, frugal by nature, hates to relinquish anything but his silent heat method for prying fabulous grades from the teachers in return for a minimum of work. He figures Benedict would benefit most.

Bob Ghrist peeks out from under his raccoon coat and gasps through chattering teeth that Phillips and his open-air motorcycle have every right to first call on the adrenalin bottle next year.

Bob Lissner utters chokingly through a strangling spasm of laughter the sage observation that Al Mitchum is in line for the title of Most Maligned Jallopy Owner which Bob held this year through ownership of the Grey Ghost.

Fred Moore looks reflectively out of the window of the School Store and casually allows that Dick Markham will have to carry on the torch next year for clean outdoor life and rugged Western individualism.

... And Look Into the Future

We are walking down the high, shiny corridors of a museum in deepest, stuffiest Boston. A glittering guide glides into our ken and takes us, awe-struck, under canvasses of the masters. At the end of the corridor is the museum's newest, a guaranteed Beckwith. A prancing stallion occupies the foreground, led by a small boy. B. K. III, no doubt.

Now we are traveling swiftly through lush farm country. Green willows droop protectingly over a small stream. A red roof gleams through giant elms around a noisy farmyard. The late afternoon sun makes sharp shadows in wheat stubble. Time to go home. From behind a haymow comes Reid Allen, eyes pouchy with sleep.

We are walking the decks of an ocean liner, absorbing the tangy air of the ocean with a will after the city fumes. We wander unsatisfied among the brittle, rococo hangings of the liner and search out a secluded spot where we may be alone. Someone is already there. Under the bushy beard we recognize the seamed face of a sailor — Blake Childs.

An under-official coughs through the latest communique. Pencils scratch on notebooks, heads bob as questions are thrown at the perspiring underling. The interview ends and there is a rush for phones. Charlie Detoy is the first one to telephone the news.

The excited patter of conversation runs through the colorful audience at Seabright. Under the marquee the players stop to refresh themselves — the Englishman from a tea cup, the American from a bottle of coke. They step out from under the shade into the brilliant sunlight, the Englishman and Bob Ghrist.

Four-thirty, and the lobster watch is coming to a close. Somewhere across town the clock broods brazenly over the fact. From the pressroom teletypes click sleepily, sporadically. The night editor pushes his green eyeshade up on his forehead and turns around. Bob Lissner.

Mid-day heat haze veils the buttes across the valley. Cattle spot the range and kick up dust in the corral. The deep shade of the house provides a cool spot for Fred Moore to sleep in.



. . . Then the Juniors . . .

The interests of this year's Junior Class run from music to bridge-building. In fact, if one is so very unlucky as to be caught in a study hall with a number of them, he will soon be driven quite mad by their constant quarreling over which one will get the most out of life. However, competition is the spirit of progress, and if the boys get out into the world with their ideals still before them, mister, look out!





This year's Juniors have been notably "all-around." In sports they have been equally as good, if not better, than their bitter rivals, the Seniors. In fact, if one were to see a Flint-ridge swimming meet, a team made up almost entirely of Juniors would confront his eyes. So here's to next year's Seniors — long may they rave.





. . . Some Sophomores . . .

Yes, good people, you may well stare long and hard at the above picture. For there, before your eyes, you see the wonderful tribe named Sophomore, rounded up only at great difficulty, and for the first time shown to the world at large. No, Madam, they are not wearing false faces; that's the way they look naturally. Ladies and gentlemen, gather 'round, and I will tell you, absolutely free of charge, some of the strange habits of this group. Now it is a favorite sport of a Sophomore to sit in one of his pow-wows — I believe it's called English Class — and argue about politics, people, life, or any subject as long as it has two sides. A Sophomore has a delicious sense of humor; that's why I can write this in comparative safety. In fact, if they are the coming wits of the nation, the nation has but half a chance. (The management requests that you do not eat this stuff with your fingers. Ed.)



. . . And Freshmen . . .

The Frosh are always a strange crowd. You never are quite sure what they're going to say or do. This is probably due to the fact that they are developing. They are turning from mere grade-school kids into high school students. For some, this is a harder process than for others. This year's class has seemed to take this process very easily. At this writing it seems that we have in them a promising class for '45 — one that will know how to accept its responsibility — a class as good in pursuits of the football field as in those of the schoolroom. In fact, they are a class of men.



. . . The Grades . . .

The Grade School has enjoyed a year under the benevolent despotism of Jim Stearns, who carries on in a lengthy tradition of Grade School presidents. His crew of vice-presidents includes John Baldwin as first vice-president, and Bob Insley as second vice-president in charge of keeping the other V-Ps happy. The Eighth Grade went on a wonderful trip to Venice to kind of break in the old place for the beating it will take on the annual Grade School Ditch Day which will come off near the end of school. Pete Pauling also went along to see that the intellectual recreation of his classmates did not sink to a degrading level. The year on campus has consisted of some very strenuous tong warfare between classes, and long sunny afternoons in study hall working long-division problems.



. . . And the Primary Division .

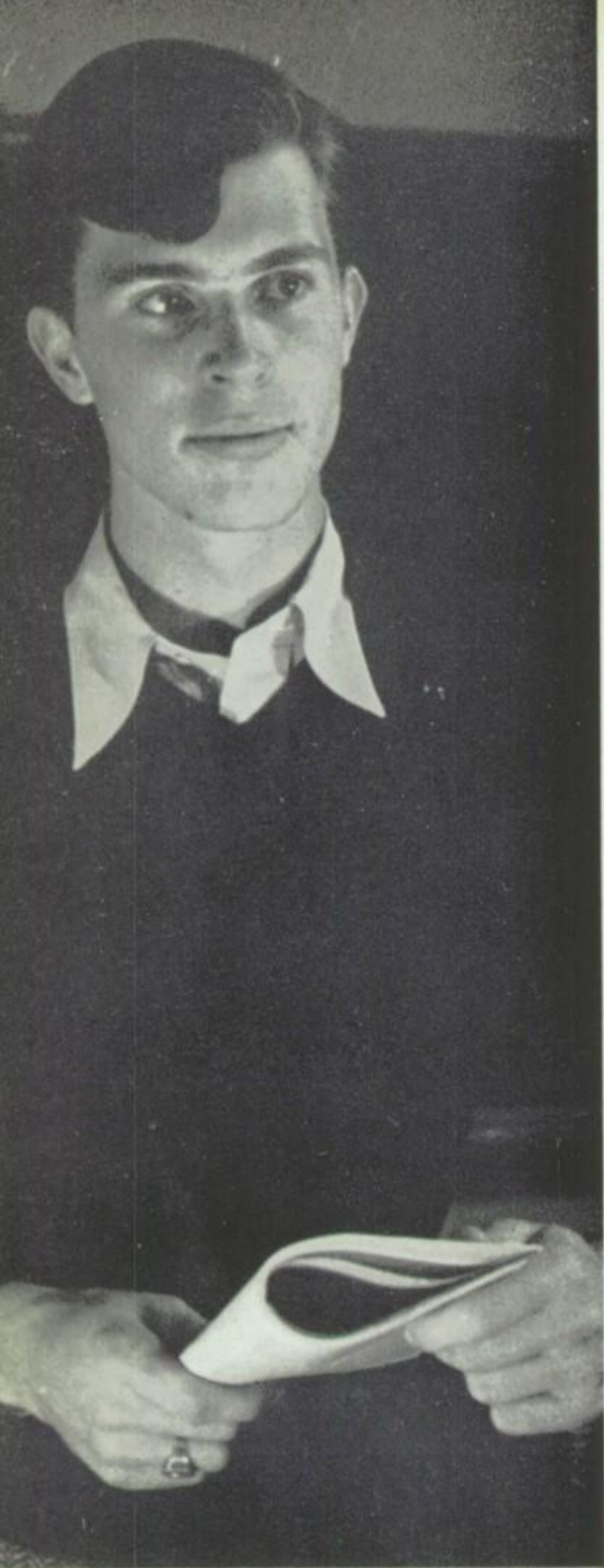
The Junior Division has a political set-up as complex as any you could hope to find. Tony Sowers claims the distinction of president, and he has Freddie Kayser as his invaluable assistant and bodyguard. Head Gardener and Botanist is the title of busy John Ridland, who goes around with a bottle of Vitamin B₁ for his plants and a very worried look. Probably the frown is from the lack of rain. Clark Feland is monitor, and if that has anything to do with a round battlewagon, he's the man. Cully Sudler, the old First Aid expert, was unanimously elected to inspect his room-mates' desks for signs of foul play or sabotage. Pete Winter employs a vicious Australian crawl in his duty as fish inspector. All the boys are looking forward to a long-promised trip to the Southwest Museum in return for obeying the strict code of ethics in force in their room.



Their Activities



Are Many . . .



Chuck . . .

Detoy endeared himself to his constituency by invoking long-stagnant Constitutional powers to step hard on incipient revolts among younger members of the school. He also doubled as an air raid warden in charge of the school's complex air-defense set-up.



*. . . Dick . . . Al
. . . and Yogi . . . the Student Council
. . . Make Certain That . . .*

The Council this year instituted numerous reforms in the school Constitution and in the merit system. The members of the Junior and Grade School often had occasion to regret action taken by the Council with regard to this same merit system. Weekly supper meetings were an added attraction which the Council voted itself.

. . . Flintridge Publishes the Log Yearly . . .

Starting out with a new theory in annual composition, this year's staff has created a book which is, if nothing else, unique. The three editors, whose pictures appear in the first picture on the right of the page, received a surprising amount of aid from their staffs. The photography staff, composed of Ladd and Jorgensen, did a monumental task in excellent style. The business staff ran up a record for the number of ads gathered and for the unusual artiness of the advertising section. Headed by Mitchum, the group, composed of Childs, Lissner, Markham, Allen, and, of course, Mitchum, set a superb example for future business staffs. The composing staff, which had among its numbers refugees from the business and photography staffs, contributed much interesting material to Detoy's editorial gristmill. On the whole, though green and inexperienced, they produced a book of which they can well be proud.





... And the Journal Monthly ...



Headed by Editor Greene, the Journal staff had the distinction of working on the first Flintridge paper to appear in print. Heretofore, campus journalistic efforts have appeared on the mimeograph, a highly unsatisfactory medium. With the inspiration and support of Mr. Horning, the staff, Beckwith, Markham, Van Every, Jim Stearns, and Jorgensen produced a publication which set a high standard for future Journal staffs.

. . . That Scholastic Standards of the C. S. F. Are Helped By . . .

The C. S. F. is a standard for High School students which provides a criterion of scholastic achievement and an incentive to further effort. Members have certain privileges, among which are the right to a trip each semester to some place of general interest. First semester, the group went out to the wineries and orange-packing houses which comprise some of California's oldest industries. Markham, McLain, Detoy, and Smith were the honored members for the first semester. Only the first three stuck for the second.





... *Inter-Class Activities* ...

SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD

Charles Detoy holds a record for years spent at Flintridge and another for service to the school. No Flint-ridge student has contributed more to the development of fine school tradi-tions and spirit than "Chuck." It was inevitable that he should lead the school in his senior year and equally inevitable that he should be voted by students and faculty alike the sports-manship award for 1942.

ATHLETIC AWARD

John Jorgensen was a "natural" for the all-around athletic award in 1942. He starred in basketball, baseball, and especially in swimming. Besides a fine body and natural coordination, Yogi has the will to win and the courage to try that make a champion.



... Which Keep Rivalry

FOOTBALL

Inter-class football was won by the Seniors this year, but only after a vicious struggle which left all classes panting. Two games were required to down the hard-fighting Juniors, while the Sophomores and Frosh fell relatively easily.

SPELLING

The Seniors again triumphed with all members of their three-man team still standing after lesser foes had been forced to retire in heavy confusion. It is interesting that the class of '42 has never failed to win this event. The Sophomores, Frosh and Juniors finished in that order.

BOOK CONTEST

In order to get more books for the growing library, the inter-class competition for the past two years has featured a book contest. This year the Sophomores won with something over 300 books to their credit. The Juniors just missed first place by 15 books, and the Seniors trailed with a number around the 200 mark. Miss Gusweiler smiled gleefully as the books poured in.





Hot Among Classes.

EXTEMPORANEOUS

This event always brings out the latent talent of the student body to indulge in their favorite pastime, shooting the breeze. This year was no exception. Detoy won handily, but he had a head start — bigger lungs. Mitchum, a Junior, and Sophomore Gil Smith came along in that order. The subject was: Resolved—That representative system of government be abolished for the duration.

DECLAMATION

Again the Seniors triumphed with Beckwith reciting Shelley's "Skylark" with bird-like grace. Markham and the "Call of the Yukon" came in second, while Winter's remarks about atoms gave the Frosh third place.

ESSAY

The essay contest saw an upset of the favorites and a complete triumph of the dark horses. Van Every won first place in the judges' affections with his splendid treatment of the contest theme, "Reconstruction." McLain and Winter came in second and third in close order to squeeze out the Juniors and Seniors.

BASKETBALL

Basketball went to the Juniors, who had an easy time disposing of the Seniors, Sophs, and Frosh. The contest is still going on, but at this time the standings are like this: Seniors, 50; Sophs, 44; Juniors, 34; Frosh, 10.



They Participate In



Many Sports . . .

. . . Basketball . . .

Now in the limbo of yearly events is the Flint-ridge basketball season. From the early-morning volleys in back- and fore-court, from the rag-tail scrimmages in bitter autumn and the first semblance of a working attack, from all this pranced the Varsity of '41 and its shadow, the Jayvee. Coach Lyndon, the Father Flannigan of substitute-row, roared, scored, and hustled the players into these two divisions.



Quickly discerning the potentialities of the newcomers which had to compose the majority of the team, he built up this thing called "potential team stuff." Around the Yogis and the Mitchums, upon whose performances he could depend, he carefully built a team fit for the tough League schedule.



Chosen as team captain for the year, Blake Childs proved that he had lost none of the verve and dash which characterized his playing when he left Flintridge for foreign parts.

FLINTRIDGE VS. HARVARD

The first game of the season, after some brisk warm-ups against P. J. C. and Catalina, turned out to be a victory for our ancient foes, Harvard. The Junior Varsity, however, lessened the blow by taking its tilt 17-10. Much was their joy when their elder brethren lost by a humiliating 43-7. Mitchum holds the dubious distinction of having made the only field-goal for the Varsity.

FLINTRIDGE VS. CATALINA

A bonus game with Catalina school, temporary refugees from their island home, showed for a second time that Flintridge did not have a team similar to those of former years. The score was 41-11 and, although it was better, it was far from satisfactory. The Flintridge Jayvee again distinguished itself by winning 21-16.

FLINTRIDGE VS. ST. ANTHONY

This game, held again at home, was a tight, close one from start to finish. The score was 30-47, but it doesn't tell of the improvement shown by the Varsity. The score-book shows that Mitchum, Walker Smith, and Childs were superior offensively; however, defensively the whole team was excellent.

FLINTRIDGE VS. SPANISH AMERICAN

Playing at Gardena, Flintridge must have been lonesome or something, because the team suffered a setback in morale and dropped the tilt, 46-24. Walker Smith, Melin, and McLain showed up to good effect, while most of the team didn't get there till the end of the first half.





. . . Baseball . . .

Baseball had a hard time this year. Interest was at low ebb, the war in Europe and the East, Swimming, and other disrupting influences such as Study Hall having combined to kill enthusiasm. An added blow was the disintegration of the Prep League in mid-season, after only two games had been played. However, there were enough try-outs, and enough games to show of what sort of stuff the team was composed, and just what its prospects are if the International Situation dies down by next year.



Our battery was very strong. Gil Smith, the wicked-winged pitcher has two more fine years ahead of him, and he should surpass Thorny Mackay of blessed memory in his speed and control. In the two tough games played, Gil never failed to maintain control of his pitches, and it was not his fault that the games slipped through our fingers. Blake Childs, the plate end of the battery is a Senior, and so the team will not have the benefit of his leathery palm and lung next season.

In the infield, Senior and Juniors shared positions. Detoy on first was a consistent batter and held his errors down to a minimum. Mitchum, who kept second base from blowing into center field when the opposing batsmen started to make the rounds, has another year in him yet, as does the third baseman who must remain nameless because of so many changes at that position. Sturgis could have had the position for the asking if he ever deigned to show up for practice, but unfortunately he and Mr. Horning could not seem to agree on how Ceasar should be translated. Beckwith showed moments of brilliance at shortstop which he played all season in spite of the fact that he had never played softball before.

The field was a shifting maze of players who ran under falling baseballs and then ran out from under them, seemingly feeling that any old dope could catch a ball, but it took a real actor to bobble it precariously on the index finger while Coach greyed visibly and the stands gnashed their teeth in unison. Walker (Wonderful) Smith, Joe McLain, John W. Jorgensen, Tom Box, and others made up this luckless crew. To be quite fair all around, it might be well to mention that one of the games was played in circumstances which would have called for a good steeple-chase horse, not an outfielder.

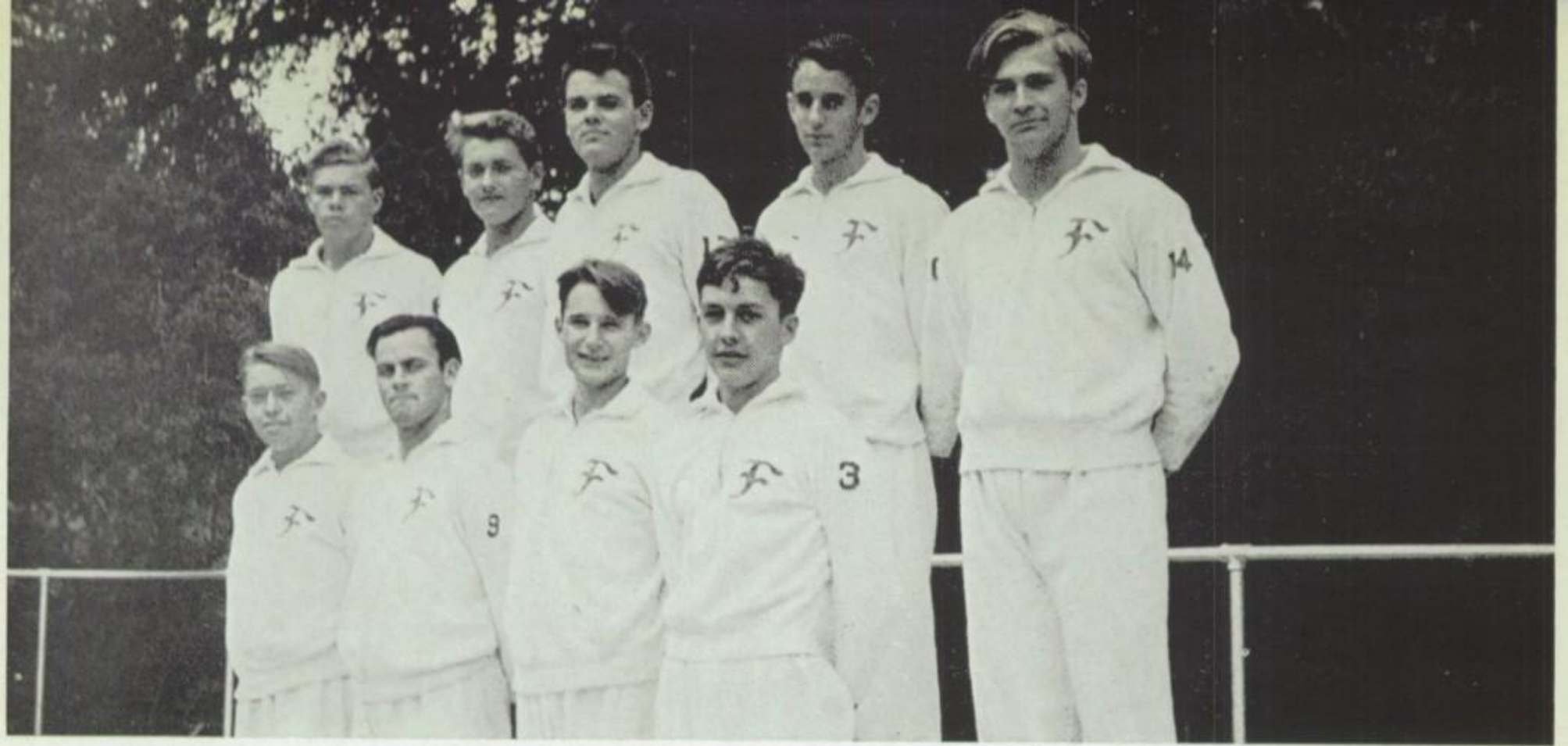




... and Swimming .

More emphasis was placed on swimming this year than in any previous season, probably because of the shut-down of baseball and the cancelling of the golf and tennis schedules. As this is written, only two meets remain to be swum, the Black-Foxe Invitational, sometimes called the Pacific Coast Prep Championship, and a meet with Harvard Military Academy. It is probably bad to speculate, but it safe to say that the latter meet will be won by sheer superiority, while the former, in which Flintridge will be defending champion, may well be won by cagy swimming.





The personnel of this year's team is different from that of any previous year because of all-around excellence rather than the specialization. The loss of Robbins, Melin, and Egbert was severe, because it meant the loss of so many sure points in each meet. It meant more strain on the remaining swimmers who were forced to double up on events rather than take precious time to rest. The diving department was also weak as last year's star did not return, and a new one had to be laboriously trained. McLain stepped in at the last minute in two cases, the Black-Foxe Dual meet and the Pasadena Championships, to try for needed points. He succeeded remarkably well.

The backstroke department was capably handled by Box and Walker Smith. Smith lacked experience, but he still has three years in which to develop. Getting such an early start, he may well surpass the records of any of the previous greats. Box has a brilliant record coming in the very near future, and Coach is banking on him to beat the school record in his event, if not this year, certainly next season. Tom also showed up very well in the individual medly.

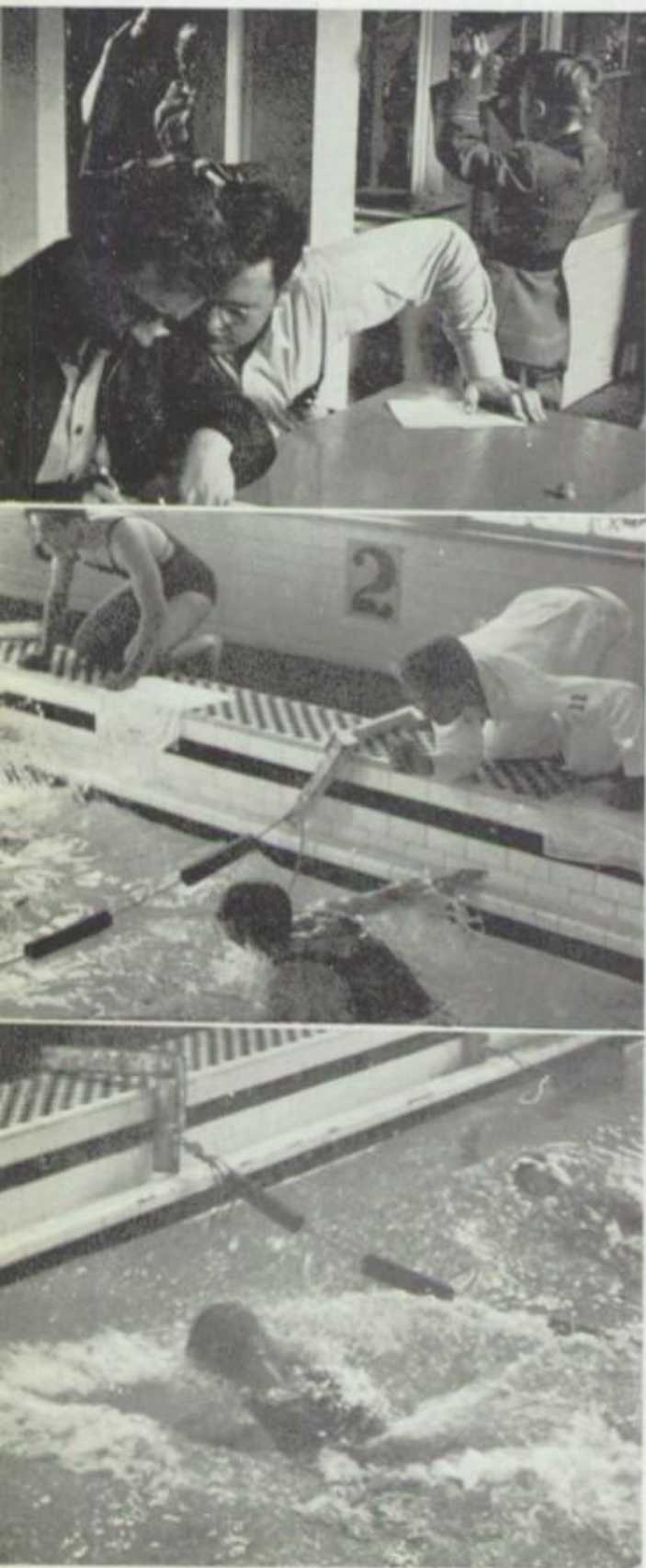


Breaststroking is always a difficult assignment, but Sophomore Gil Smith carried it off well indeed this year. Working in tandem with Rip Phillips, Gil showed up to a very good advantage. While his records are not sensational as yet, he has some time in which to develop. Phillips was a very steady performer, and he looked very good indeed when he was given a real chance to prove his mettle.

The 220 department was presided over this year by Dick Markham, who needs no aid. McLain was looking interestedly at a berth in the distance races, but he renounced them for sprints and relays. Dick is a very deceptive swimmer who swims his own race and very seldom glides under the rope second best. He has, without a doubt, the most flawless stroke on the team.

In the sprints, power is at once apparent. Heading the list is the melancholy Dane, Jorgensen, who seems to prefer solitude in the further reaches of the pool to the noisy splashings of the pack. Yogi showed up to brilliant advantage in virtually all his meets, notably the Pasadena Championships, a dual meet with PJC in which he clinched the meet by winning a relay against potent odds, and the La Jolla meet in which he swam against National favorites, vanquishing highly touted swimmers from Black-Foxe and Bimini. A bulwark of strength as anchor man on the four-man relay, Jorgensen also paddles happily along in the fifty yard and on hundred yard free style. Blake Childs and Joe McLain must not be overlooked as valuable contributors to the sprinting points.

New material is also coming along from the grade school in the form of John Baldwin. Frosh Tom Winter, Vic Stamm, and Jake Tucker should prove to be definite assets to the team next year when a summer has been added to their arms and legs.





*And So, If You Are Old,
Be Tolerant of Their Youth . . .
If Young, Know In the
Wisdom of Your Kind
That Their Dreams
Are a Vision of the Future.*

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WHERE'S GEORGE?



"I'm Off," cried George as he
raced down to

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"To pick out a new Sport Outfit for
that vacation I've been talking about
all year. It has always been my Goal
to be perfectly dressed in a suit from

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